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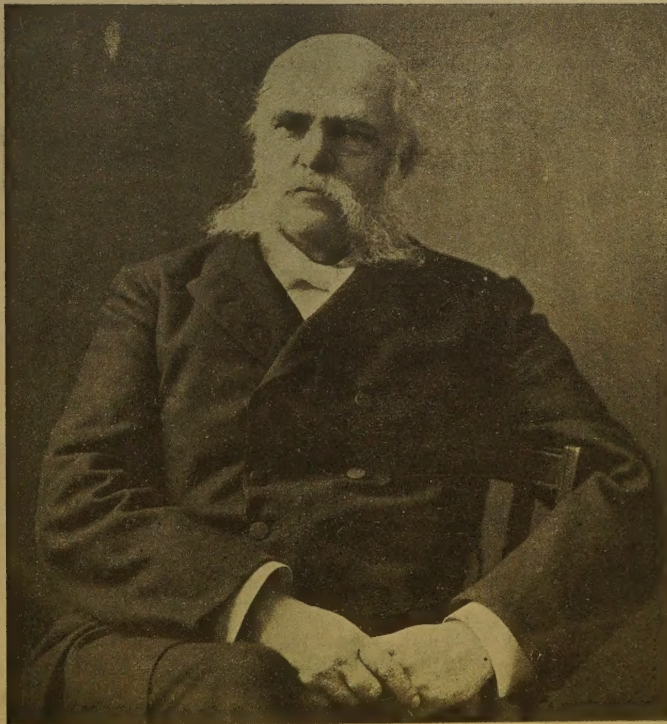
# THE PACIFIC



Volume LII.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 8, 1902.

Number 19.



Rev. Geo. M. Boynton, D.D.

Secretary of the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society.



# THE PACIFIC

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## Consecration.

I want to love the Lord, my precious Lord,  
With all the love that mortal heart can know;  
And read with reverence that gracious Word  
Which speaks his love to creatures here below.

I want to be so pure, so free from all  
That would my feet toward evil pathways call.

Oh, may I draw thus nearer every day;  
Each moment does God's loving kindness prove;

So many blessings I could not repay Him,

If He asked more than my heart's best love.

May my heart be so pure, so free from sin—

A witness true that Thou O Christ, art within.

—Mabel Hollingsworth.

When the Lord's disciples asked him, "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" he did not give them a direct reply, but turned aside to another thought and said, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." That is to say, he announced the great truth that the supreme question is not what our rank shall be in the kingdom, but whether we shall get in at all. He further adds that citizenship in this kingdom is a privilege which God withholds from the proud, the ambitious, the self-seeking, and bestows upon the humble, the docile, the childlike.

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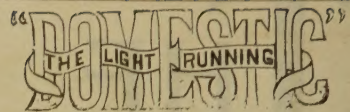
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# THE PACIFIC

FIRST PURE, THEN PEACEABLE; WITHOUT PARTIALITY AND WITHOUT HYPOCRISY

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal.

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

Thursday, May 8, 1902.

## Begin Again.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,  
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,  
With glad days and sad days and bad days which never  
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,  
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go since we cannot relive them—  
Cannot undo and cannot atone,  
God in His mercy receive, forgive them;  
Only the new days are our own—  
Today is ours, and today alone.

Every day is a fresh beginning;  
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain;  
And spite of old sorrows and older sinning,  
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,  
Take heart with the day and begin again.

—Susan Coolidge.

## Plunderers in the Homeland.

Miss Stone is unfortunate. No sooner had she escaped from the hands of the brigands in Macedonia and had landed on her native shores than she fell into the clutches of rival lecture bureaus. The court in which suit for injunction was brought held that no full and complete contract was ever entered into by the agents of Miss Stone and the American Lecturing Bureau. But the Bureau thinks differently, and according to the last reports from the East suit for breach of contract was to be brought and Miss Stone might be subjected also to the unpleasantness of having her lecture receipts attached as she fulfilled her engagements from place to place under the management of Major Pond. In Turkey Miss Stone was engaged in a highly humane work, but the brigands wanted money and so they captured and detained her, notwithstanding the needs of her work, until they got what they wanted. Now she is here in the homeland with the laudable desire of making something by writing and speaking, with which to reimburse any who may have embarrassed themselves by helping to provide her ransom, and with the hope that she may also in this way do something for those missionary purposes to which she is devoting her life by the establishing in Macedonia of an industrial school for young men. But again, as in Macedonia, there is interference in her work. This lecture bureau wants thirty-five thousand dollars. It thought that it could make that much at

least out of Miss Stone's lectures, and not being granted that privilege it proceeds to try to plunder her in the courts of Massachusetts. The Macedonian brigands were lawless plunderers. These men in this country may not be lawless, but they are plunderers nevertheless. It is not likely that the higher courts will hold differently from the one that refused to grant the injunction, but a lecture bureau attempts, in its own selfish interests, to appropriate money that is designed for a noble work. So goes the world in Turkey and in the United States of America. We call it brigandage over there, but business here. It may be that it is business—man's business, but not God's business.

## Something New in the Ready Made Line.

The "ready-made" request for the severance of church relations is one of the inventions of recent years. One furnished by the publishers of "Millennial Dawn" came to our notice a few days ago. It bears the signature of a man who was, until recently, a member of a Congregational church in California. This form contains an advertisement of "Millennial Dawn," and below it a communication addressed to the local church in which the person who desires to use it may have membership. This "ready-made" communication makes the sender of it say to his brethren: "The Lord has of late been teaching me some wonderful things out of his Word, whereof I am glad. The Bible has become a new book to me, so widely have the eyes of my understanding been opened. God is now my Father, Christ my Redeemer, and all believers my brethren in a sense never before appreciated." It is stated then that this has come about, not through vision or special revelation, but from the fact that God's due time has come for the unsealing of plans kept secret in the past; and that through some of his servants light has come to him. All these things he states that he will be glad to make known to any who desire the light. Then follows the declaration of what he regards an unpleasant duty. This is in substance that he finds that many of these new "truths" are in direct conflict with those held and taught by his church, and that he cannot, in honesty to himself and the church, continue in its membership. He asks no letter of dismission, but simply the privilege of withdrawing in order that he may be more free in his



conscience toward God and man. This action he is careful to state must not be understood "as a withdrawal from the Church of Christ, whose 'names are written in heaven,' but merely a withdrawal from our unauthorized human organization whose names are written on earth." There is an expression of love for those from whom he separates, reference to the Christlikeness of some of them, but all in all a firm confidence that he has passed on beyond them and cannot any longer, in the interests of truth, be kept within their narrow fellowship. The letter has been framed, of course, by experts in such work. It is used largely, when it is used, by persons who, without much strength of mind, are swayed easily by what they read. Cheap books, such as "Millennial Dawn," come into their possession; they are without the facilities by which the fallacies of these books might be made known, and so they fall easy captives to their strange doctrines, and come to conclude that only by separating themselves from the church can they do God service.

The Church is an institution of divine appointment. This, to most people, is the plain Scriptural view. In the days of the apostles it had formal, and not merely informal, organization. It had its stated meetings; its elections and its officers, and a recognized authority; and the churches of today are, in general, the normal outgrowth of those of apostolic days. He who separates himself from the church, regarding it as an unauthorized body, may belong to the kingdom, but he is, by his poor judgment, placing himself where his influence for Christ will be lessened; and if, in addition to such separation he takes on some of the unscriptural doctrines of the time his influence is more largely lessened.

### **The Allegorical Interpretation.**

About the time that the New York Presbytery postponed action on the ordination of the Union Seminary student whose theology was in considerable of a tangle at the close of the examination to which he was subjected, the Elizabeth New Jersey Presbytery refused ordination to two students who stated it as their belief that Adam and Eve were mythical characters. Later, one of the young men appeared before the Presbytery and submitted to a further examination. Having been asked what he meant when he said that Adam and Eve were mythical characters, he replied that he believed "they were in the image of God, and represented fallen man, but that the writer of the book of Genesis, though inspired of God, wrote in an allegorical sense." These are not the young man's words; but the words of a newspaper aiming to give in substance what he said. It is stated that forty-five ministers were present and that they voted unanimously to ordain the young man for missionary work in Korea.

This position as to the allegorical character of some of the things in some of the first chapters of Genesis is not a new one. It has been taught and preached for some years by not a few theologians and preachers;

but the ordination by a Presbytery in the Presbyterian church of a candidate plainly avowing such belief is so far as we know, something new. A good many years ago the Rev. Dr. Johnson Barker, a noted English preacher, said, in a sermon on "Temptation": There are three possible ways of reading the story of the Fall. It may be read as history; in every sense of it literally true. It may be read as poetry; true, but not literally true: true as Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' is true. Or it may be read as history blended with poetry; the historic facts of an actual occurrence, and a genuine experience, partially veiled under the thin transparency of imaginative form. It is in this third way that I think it should be read. The man and woman innocent, yet frail and temptable. The Tempter. The Temptation. The Fall. All this is history. But the form of the temptation through a serpent and the fruit of a forbidden tree—this surely is not history. It is only the poetic clothing or rendering of some profound spiritual truths which quite possibly could not otherwise be conveyed. And I know of nothing, either in the Scriptures or out of them, to compel us to read this part of the story in any other way."

Dean Payne Smith has written concerning this mooted question: "The leading point of the narrative is that the temptation came upon man from without, and through the woman. Such questions as to whether it were a real serpent, or Satan under a serpentable form, whether it spake with a real voice, and whether the narrative describes a literal occurrence or is allegorical, are better left unanswered.

We are dealing with records of a vast and hoary antiquity, given to man when he was in a state of great simplicity, and with his intellect only partly developed, and we cannot expect to find them as easy to understand as the pages of modern history."

In line with what has been said by the persons just now quoted are certain words of Rev. Robert Tuck in his "Handbook of Biblical Difficulties." Writing concerning the moral difficulties of the Bible he says: "The so-called 'moral difficulties of the Old Testament Scriptures are to a very large extent created by those who cannot recognize that Divine revelation has been given to men in stages, with an evident progression toward completeness, and in each stage with precise adaptation to the associations and the capabilities of the age. The truth of the accommodation of divine revelation to the times in which it is given, and to the circumstances and associations and mental capacities of the people to whom it is addressed, Bible readers have gravely hesitated to receive. It is now, however, becoming a familiar truth, and it is found to be practically efficient for the removal of some of the most perplexing Old Testament difficulties."

The Rev. Dr. Marcus Dods, one of Great Britain's ablest Bible scholars, says that it is not with the outer husks of the story that we are to concern ourselves, but with the kernel; that vitally important truths underlie the narrative and are bodied forth by it, but that the way



to reach these truths is not to adhere too rigidly to the literal meaning; that we have in the story of the temptation a pictorial representation, or, in other words, that it is a picture writing suited to the mental capacities and needs of a people of an early age. Dr. Dods finds it such also as to be in his judgment specially adapted to all present-day stages of mental and spiritual advancement, saying: "Let the child read it and he will learn what will live in his mind and influence him in all his life. Let the devout man who has ranged through all science and history and philosophy come back to this narrative, and he feels that he has here the essential truth regarding the beginnings of man's tragical career upon earth."

As already stated, these views are not new. They have been promulgated many years by devout and eminent men, and it is not surprising that a body of forty-five Presbyterian ministers should have come by this time to such an acceptance or tolerance of them as to vote to ordain a young man who accepted them.

Today, it must be stated, to be true to the facts, that many who do not yet accept these views as the proper ones—and there is an increasing acceptance of them—nevertheless tolerate them. As to *The Pacific*, let it be said that we do not dogmatize on the subject, neither on one side nor on the other, as some do; "The Bystander," for instance, who writes very disparagingly in *The Pacific* this week of all who regard the first chapters of *Genesis* as literal history. Not all the conservatives are back numbers. It is folly to call them this. Some of them are fully abreast with the best learning of the day. But "The Bystander" is a back number, however, as to the *New York Independent*. It has not been a conservative paper for several years. This much to us is plain: There was a tempter, there was a temptation, and there was a fall. And Adam's experience is, in substance, being repeated in almost countless lives in every age of the world. Sin is in the world; the Bible says so, and man knows it from experience to be so. In that Book which tells us of the first sin and its consequences, as well as the consequences of all sin, there is told also the way to escape from sin. He who laid down his life on Calvary is the way. "Let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

### Notes.

The First Congregational church of Redlands contributed \$1,660 for foreign missions recently.

Such treatment of the Chinese as is set forth in the article by Luella Miner, which we republish from the *New York Independent*, is a disgrace to our civilization. The article needs no comment. It speaks for itself. Read it.

The Sunday-school and Christian Endeavor notes for two weeks will appear next week, being crowded out this week by the large amount of matter for our special edition. They will reach nearly all of our readers before the Sunday for which they are intended.

We are indebted to the Rev. E. J. Singer for the correspondence which secured the co-operation of the different Coast representatives of the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society in the publication of this Sunday-school number of *The Pacific*. Mr. Singer also took charge of the illustrations, and as a result our readers are treated this week to a real Sunday-school picture gallery.

We regret that the recent resignation of the Rev. R. A. Rowley from the work of the Sunday-school and Publishing Society in Oregon made it impossible for us to have something concerning the Sunday-school work in that State. Mr. Rowley was Superintendent in Oregon for nearly seven years, doing an excellent work there as well as in Washington, where he was for several years a Sunday-school missionary. As soon as arrangements can be made for it we shall issue an Oregon number of *The Pacific*; and the Sunday-school work shall have attention then.

Speaking at the San Francisco Ministers' Meeting last Monday the Rev. Dr. W. S. Ament said that out of the late troubles in China would come great good to the cause of Christ. It is impossible, he said, to leaven a nation of four hundred million people without excitement and contention. While we were likely to hear more of the conservative party than of the progressive he brought assurance that the latter was not a small party, and that there was every reason for an optimistic position concerning China's future. While there is a great deal of corruption among the official classes, there is an up-grade tendency among the people in general. There is, however, a disposition to get Western civilization without Western ideas and religion. Dr. Ament expressed the belief that the Emperor was well along toward Christianity. Certain incidents were given which showed certainly that he has been reaching after the light. Referring to the indemnity, which was collected by him for the Chinese Christians in certain districts, whose property had been destroyed by the Boxers, Dr. Ament stated that the plan was all arranged with the commissioners of Li Hung Chang before he started out from Peking.

Rev. C. A. Huntington of Eureka, a pioneer minister on the Pacific Coast, has passed his ninetieth birthday. That anniversary occurred on the 25th of April; and, as has been his custom for several years, he entertained on that occasion a number of his old-time friends at dinner. The *Eureka Standard* of that date says: "It is given to but few men to remain on the earth so long a time. Ninety years, while but a span in the life of the world, which passes as a dream and is gone, is a long life and is attained by but few. Born in Vermont on April 25, 1812, while James Madison was President, Mr. Huntington has lived through or during the service of all the Presidents from the fourth. In other words, he has lived under the administration of twenty-three Presidents, from Madison to Roosevelt, and is yet hale and hearty, with intellect bright and reasoning faculties unimpaired. His physical health is also good, as he can be seen nearly every day riding a bicycle along the streets. He frequently fills a pulpit for some of the regular ministers and seems to enjoy that degree of health and strength that bid fair to carry him past the century mark. The *Standard* sends greeting to this veteran as he dines in the house of his youngest daughter, Mrs. A. J. Munroe, today, surrounded by old and faithful friends and wishes him many a return of the day." Mr. Huntington was born in Vermont, and came to this Coast in 1863, locating first in Washington Territory. He has been a resident of Eureka for nearly a quarter of a century. His life has been not only a long one, but useful as well. The *Pacific* rejoices that this veteran and others who have laid so well the foundations on this Coast are still with us to enjoy some of the fruitage of their work, and to counsel for the building rightly on those foundations.



## The Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society Work on the Pacific Coast.

### The Wider Field.

George M. Boynton.

It is rather an attractive thing, in connection with the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society, that its year ends just before the spring work begins, and in time for the report and statement to be out before the coming of Children's Day. The year ended February 28th. The Annual Meeting was held the third Monday in April. The year has been one of vigorous work with a considerably enlarged force in the field and a considerably increased expense in maintaining it. Following the three or four years of depression in some parts of the field, there have come times of new life, new immigration, new expansion. Oklahoma has opened up new territory. The northwestern part of Minnesota is rapidly being developed. North Dakota, Wyoming, Montana and Idaho all are furnishing new centers of population for our pioneer missionary work. Above all, perhaps, Texas is growing rapidly with an excellent class of people, from north and from south, and with a demand for Congregationalism—our live, free, independent form of church organization. All these things stir our blood with new impulses, and awaken our ambition to embrace the opportunities and do the work which stands waiting to be done.

This has been true of the last year and true in prospect of the year which opens. We organized 469 schools during the year and reorganized 217 more, after an interval of weeks or months. Our superintendents and missionaries have been busy in all the various ways in which they find occupation, with advice, with encouragement and restraint, and, above all, with showing people how to do things. We are confident more and more as the years go by that this work of ours, which seems so simple and uneventful, has yet most important relations to our denominational gain and growth. There appear on the last Year Book only 114 new Congregational churches, but of these 45 were developed from schools which this Society had planted, and all but 26 of the whole number were aided by us during the year. But our relation to the broader work and the building up of the kingdom of God is even more important than to this particular province in that kingdom, and to have gone into these 460 places where, in most instances, there was no Christian work, gathered the people young and old about the Word of God, called their attention to the Lord's Day as it comes each week and to God's Word, which is ever fresh, giving them an occasional service with preaching, putting them into connection, if possible, with some church or minister who could give them stated or occasional services, and set them on the way toward better things—we feel this to have been a great privilege and a great work.

What claim have we, then, upon our brethren of the Congregational churches? Simply the claim of service and of opportunity. We are ready to do whatever they will permit us to do in the continuance and extension of this work. If they will touch the button, and the button is made of the precious metals, we will do the rest. Your servants are ready and the battery is charged. It is our friends in the Sunday-schools and the churches who must make the connection. We do not want to find fault, and yet we are rather grieved, as we look over the sources from which our supplies come, to find that so many churches relegate this whole work to the Sunday-school, and are satisfied if they permit the children to give us their pennies. We do want to be on your church lists, recognized among the other

Societies, which are doing missionary work, not simply for the children, but, through the children, for the older people, and for the young communities. We want full recognition as one of your national organizations for conquering the land for Christ.

### NORTHERN AND CENTRAL CALIFORNIA.

#### Fruitage.

REV. E. J. SINGER.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." No better method of measuring the value of an enterprise has ever been given to the world than this one dropped by the Savior.

It applies not only to individuals but to churches and organizations, and by it you are requested to measure the work of the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society. You are invited to view the tree, to notice that it is not a dead one, and that it also bears something besides leaves. There are buds of promise and fruit ready to ripen.



Vine Hill Sunday-school.

First, your attention is called to this group, members of the Vine Hill Sunday-school, organized September 1, 1901. The number present at the first meeting was not calculated to make a person boil over with enthusiasm. There were only ten, but there were reasons. A base-ball game for one, that was attractive, of course, and they had not yet learned the advantages of a Sunday-school. Sickness prevented others, who sent word that the following Sunday they would be on hand.

With this assurance and realizing that a matched game of base-ball would not happen every Sunday, the school was started, fully equipped with officers. The following Sunday our "greatest expectations" were realized, for there were 28 present. The officers and helpers have been so faithful and enthusiastic that it was bound to go. The results are already manifest in the development of the children. Having secured some Gospel hymn books, they had learned to sing of "His Wonderful Love." Some of the little tots who had not yet learned to say "Our Father who art in heaven" are sending their voices upward on wings of childlike faith and trust.

Two little cherubs went home from one of the ses-



sions and with eager faces inquired of their mother, "What is the Lord's Prayer?" She told them of that gathering with the disciples and the Master teacher. She said, "You shall learn it when you are old enough." "We are old enough now," they replied. Consequently the mother sat down and taught them the petition given to the disciples in answer to a like request, "Teach us to pray." In this school are many buds of promise that may open into full bloom giving forth the fragrance of lovely Christian characters under the gracious rays of the Sun of Righteousness.

This is the object of the work. About 3,000 children are thus gathered in the mission schools here in California each Sunday to learn of Him who said, "Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come unto me."

Before this school was started the Sundays passed without any religious service. The people did not all feel like going to the town near, and the children did not go at all. The Sunday-school is held in the school-house, the rural church. If it were not for the public school building many districts would be without a Sunday-school. Along with the public school is the Sunday-school, the one training for the mind, the other for the soul, a combination greatly appreciated. Whenever the superintendent's visits are made, an address or sermon is given—the only preaching had in numerous places during the year. It is needless to say that, coming so seldom, a service is always considered a treat.

#### Canyon Sunday-school.

A ride on the train to Sacramento, a change of cars to Shingle, in Eldorado county, and a stop is made. The next day, there is a drive of about five miles. Up a steep hill; then down, down, down, into what is called Big Canyon. The road winds along through the green foliage, and one looks out over the canyon, midst trees of many kinds. At the bottom there are mines, mills to crush the ore, and a town. A schoolhouse is situated among the trees. An energetic school-teacher, working nights and Saturdays, has made various improvements in the building. Here is held the Canyon Sunday-school, of which the above is a picture, including the dog which is a very well behaved member.

Some of the children walk three miles to attend, and can be depended upon. Not one walks less than three-fourths of a mile, and a little girl about six years old comes alone one and a half miles over a road that runs through the forest.

In this picture you will notice several boys. Read what the Superintendent of the school says about them. The class consists of boys ranging in age from ten to fifteen years, who come regularly, and are gentlemanly and attentive, ever helping in many ways. All are bright, good boys, whose aim is high and thoughts pure. You can imagine how such a class inspires the teacher. Not long since a new boy was there for a few months; he was promptly invited to join the class. He thought he wouldn't go to Sunday-school. He would stay home and play with the boys. Imagine his surprise when he found, on staying away, that he was alone. Not a boy to play with. Next Sunday he joined the class. The Superintendent justly asks if there are any other places where all the boys go to Sunday-school. The writer will be glad to hear of them.

No other service is held in the place excepting the

school. A preaching service would be welcomed with joy, and Christ said, "Go, teach the gospel to all peo-



Canyon Sunday-school.

ple." The Superintendent learned a new way of spelling "Personal Consecration"—(purse and all) consecration. That is a pretty good way to spell it.

#### Colma Sunday-school

It was started May 7, 1899. There were lions in the way at first, but they were only papier mache ones. One said it could not be done because there were not four children to attend, but the school was organized with twenty, and it was not long before there were more than that in the primary class. It has been in vigorous health ever since, having two good lungs and sound in body.

Its permanence and stability are due largely to the few good women who have stood by and nourished it and cared for it all the time. Surely, if one is to be rewarded for service, many a worker in a little Sunday-school, who is seldom heard of, will be received into the Legion of Honor band in God's kingdom.



Colma Sunday-school.

These little folks did not know they were to have their picture taken, or many more would have been present. No notice of our coming was given, so it is



not a packed house. Some were absent who are usually there.

Soon after the school was organized, regular preaching was asked for. Consequently, it was yoked with Ocean View, the service being in the evening. They did their part in supporting the work, contributed to Home Missions and observed Children's Day. The school has a library, and from an entertainment raised money enough to add thirty volumes to it this year.

The school is doing something else; boys and girls are growing up into the likeness of Christ because of it.

One young scholar, growing in stature and wisdom, is teaching a class. The school has been fruitful also in the development of character in one of the scholars, who is now a young man. He started with the school, and, although the only boy for a long time, came regularly every Sunday. Recently feeling the desire to live a Christian life he came to the city and united with the nearest church. The world is full of places for a young man of integrity and character, and this young man has found one of them. What he has done, may be, and will be, done by others, for the Christian life is free to all.

They say now that the next thing is a church building. People have been divided into three classes—the shirkers, the jerkers and the workers.

The shirkers we know, who always escape any responsibility. The jerkers, who are spasmodic and just when you are depending on their presence and help; they are not there. The workers, how it cheers one's heart to find them—steady, always on hand. The people of the Colma Sunday-school belong to the last-named class, and they will accomplish their desire if proper encouragement is given.

#### Mt. Eden Sunday-school.

I don't know why it is called Mt. Eden. There is no mountain. May be it was to distinguish it from the Eden that has not yet been located.

It has many characteristics similar to that ancient place. It is a garden spot of flowers and fruit. There



Mt. Eden Sunday-school.

are apples, but not forbidden. It is truly beautiful for situation. It is more thickly populated than the other Eden, for there are two teachers in the public school, and several business houses. It is three miles from Haywards, and near enough to the bay to catch the invigorating breezes.

Very little encouragement was given when the superintendent visited the place and talked about starting a Sunday-school. Not because it was not desired, by both the children and the parents, but they thought it might die, and a dead Sunday-school no one wanted. The first meeting, therefore, proved a failure so far as organizing went. There were some disappointed children; it was written all over their little faces in big letters. There was no use giving up with such an incentive; therefore, after much walking and wheel riding, a meeting was called for the following Sunday. Given thirty children who want a Sunday-school, and several Christian people, and the answer to the problem should be a school. So it was, and it has been in constant action ever since. That was in 1899.

How it has thrived! The officers and teachers, after once taking hold of the work, knew no such word as fail. It has had its Christmas celebration each year, and the children were well remembered. In one thing the school is fortunate; it has a good church building in which to meet. It was built by the citizens and is owned by them. There are no English services excepting the Sunday-school. It was thought that only a few people would care for a preaching service, but last Easter this was proven a mistake. Easter service was held in the evening. The church was beautifully decorated, the children sang, and the superintendent preached. About 125 were present. One fact at least is demonstrated, that the people will come out, therefore encouragement is given to try it again. Why shouldn't a church be started there? The building is ready, the people are there, and the Holy Spirit is promised. Some more money, some more zeal, and plenty of faith, and the thing is done.

#### In Conclusion.

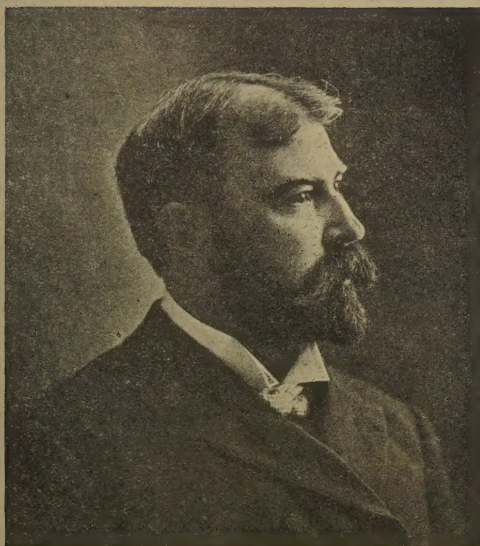
A few of the schools have been shown. They are samples of nearly a hundred of like character. It would be a pleasure to show the lot. There is the Shingle school, which has been kept together by a Christian lady; the Prattville, Magalia, Mooretown, Bidwell's Bar in Butte county, Globe, Dauntless, and many others; but some other time they may be seen.

Children's Day is at hand; the supplies are here, and we hope that every school will observe the day in some way. If it is not convenient on the third Sunday of May, then choose some day that will suit.

This has been a fruitful year in the Sunday-school work. Twenty one schools have been organized; 18,994 miles have been traveled, not all by train in a Pullman sleeper, but on foot, by train, and with a wheel. Once the Superintendent started on a walk of nine miles to make his appointment, but fortune favored him with a ride. Eighty-two visits to schools have been made; this is aside from the organizations. As there are but fifty-two Sundays in the year, with organizing, it means more than one place nearly every Sunday. One hundred and forty-five sermons and addresses have been made. A sermon is nearly always preached when a school is visited, and always at an organization (and still the people ask the Superintendent if he is a minister). In many places it is the only sermon heard from one visit to the next. This year it is to be hoped that a strenuous effort will be made to reach the \$1,200.00 mark; last year it was \$1,133.46. With 12,734 members in the churches, 19,335 Sunday-school scholars, and 6,047 Christian Endeavorers, it should not be a difficult task. Thanking you for last year's gifts, on behalf of the society and the children, we press on to greater things in the Master's name.

E. J. S.





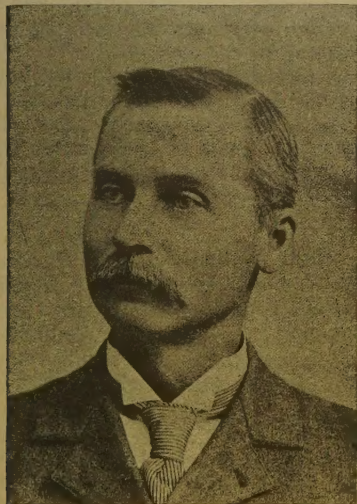
Rev. E. J. Singer, Supt. of Northern and Central California and Nevada.

### SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

#### The C. S. S. and P. S. in the Southern California District.

April 30, 1902, Rev. H. P. Case closed his fifteenth year of labor as C. S. S. and P. S. Superintendent in

Southern California. Below is a brief summary of his labors. During the last five years, by reason of droughts and business depression (outside of a half-dozen cities) there has been a depletion of population. Consequently, his work has been largely one of "strengthening the things ready to die." In not a few places Sunday-schools have died because of the removal of all the workers and most of the members



Rev. H. P. Case, Superintendent of Southern California.

of the school. In other places he holds occasional gospel services, where no school can be organized.

The statistical summary for fifteen years is, in part, as follows: Schools organized, 280; number of scholars at organization, 6,948; value of literature granted, \$3,250; Congregational churches growing out of these schools, 45; other churches, 12. Offerings received on the field meet less than one-half the total expenditures.

### The O— Sunday-School.

We once reported it as "The Orphan" Sunday-school, because it seemed without any parental aid or

care. But it had the promise, "I will not leave you orphans," and *He* has cared for it. A dozen families formed a colony on a socialistic and free religious plan. They did *not* invite any preacher. But their twenty children were pleased with the novel Sunday-school methods. They loved music.



The O— Sunday-school, Southern California.

They loved the Bible stories and the attractive Sunday-school literature. They became punctual and studious. The Sunday-school has lived and done an immeasurable work in character building. Never any church, never any preaching in its ten year's history. My "headlines" in my memoranda read: "Mch. 6, 1892, organized the O. S. S.—23 members"; "Rev. J. A. R., Supt., granted outfit and all supplies for six months." "January, '93, granted six months' supplies; also 5 Bibles and 4 Testaments." "Found school prospering." "June, '94, Mr. L. C., appointed Superintendent, vice Rev. J. A. R., who has moved to A; granted more supplies." "Aided the Supt. to get horse and cart for his twelve-mile Sunday trip to care for the Sunday-school." "May, '95, appointed Mrs. L. Superintendent, vice Mrs. L. C., who has moved away—a devout Christian who loves the work." "Nov., '95, Mrs. L., by reason of sudden death of her husband, obliged to give up the Sunday-school." "July, '97, visited O. and reorganized the Sunday-school, and placed it in care of the older scholars until a public school teacher should arrive in September." —, '99, Sunday-school again suspended; no leader." "1900, Dec. 23, visited and reorganized the S. S. pub. school teacher as Supt.; granted supplies." "1901, March, visited S. S. and found it doing well." "1902, April, S. S. reported doing well; Miss W. L. Superintendent."

During the past ten years that Sunday-school has been the only religious influence for nearly two score children, as they have been growing to manhood and womanhood. The present Superintendent and Secretary were only little girls in that S. S. ten years ago. Others are now in homes of their own, with Christian influences about them. One—a former scholar—is now a soldier boy in Manila, who, since enlisting under the Stars and Stripes, has become a Christian, and writes thankfully to a friend about the influence of the Sunday-school, and there may yet be other sheaves to bring in from that mission work.

### Sunday-school Notes.

1. Los Angeles First Sunday-school has a growing Home Department of about 100. Another notable feature is Mr. C. E. Richards' class of young men, which has the enthusiasm of a college "team."

2. Our Compton S. S. is remarkable for its large numbers, especially of young people, for its excellent departmental organization (primary, Junior, Intermediate and Senior, in separate rooms), and for its musical and teaching work.

3. Corona S. S., under its efficient Superintendent, aided by a teaching pastor, is well at the lead in both lesson work and supplemental studies.

4. Lake Avenue S. S., Pasadena, has always been a strong force and a fruitful field. A large number of its children have been keeping "sermon-text" records at



the morning preaching services the past year. The last Sunday of April many received Bibles as reward for the year's attendance.

5. Our twenty-four principal primary departments report April 1st, 1100 members. Each one has a separate room. All use the regular lesson. About one-third teach supplemental lessons. The majority graduate classes on Children's Day; some, on Easter Sunday. Most of these primary rooms have and use blackboard, sand table, picture roll and motion songs. A few have regular kindergarten appliances and methods.

6. Pasadena First S. S. has for years successfully used quarterly written examinations. This school also makes much of the Cradle Roll.

7. Los Angeles, Central Avenue School, has an excellent way of receiving new scholars with membership card and recognition services. Its S. S. motto ("yell") permits no scholar to forget to what school he belongs.

8. Our Riverside School has a splendid class of young Indian women from the new government school just established there.

9. Los Angeles, Pico Heights School, is noted for the large number of young people among its officers and teachers. They seem to make the school "go."

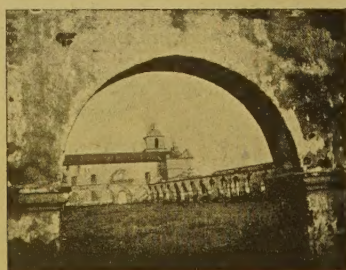
10. About nineteen-twentieths of Southern California schools are loyally using our Pilgrim Sunday-school literature, because it is the best.

### Sunday-school Work among the Mission Indians of Southern California.

During the past fifteen years we have visited every Indian village, save one, in Southern California, and held religious services in eleven of the Government schools. In most of these the teachers hold some sort of Bible and



Mission Indian Store-house.



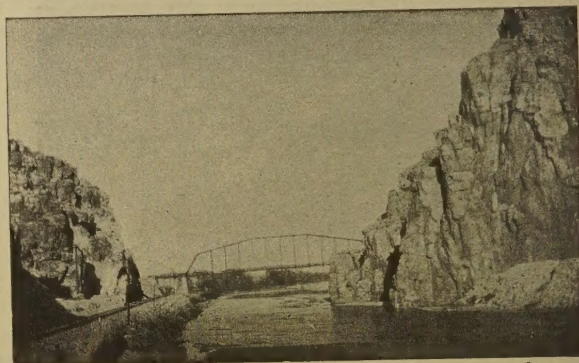
Mission in Southern California.

song service on Sundays. In six of these places we have granted Sunday-school Lesson Helps, pictures and papers for one quarter, or for a year, besides furnishing several dozen Bibles and Testaments. No Congregational missionary has followed up our work, but in several places missionaries of the Moravian Church have now their neat chapels and regular gospel services. The old missions of the padres had great influence with these Indians. But the purer gospel through the open Bible,

the Sunday-school, or the faithful Moravian laborers, is lifting many of the younger generation into an intelligent Christian life.

### Work along the Mojave.

The Mojave river rises in the San Bernardino mountains, and, running about 100 miles northeast, sinks in the Mojave Desert. The Santa Fe Railroad, going East from Southern California, follows this river about



Along the Mojave River.

sixty miles, at whose stations are the small villages of Hesperia, Victor, Oro Grande, Barstow and Daggett. Railroading, mining, cattle and a little agriculture by irrigation, with some health-seeking, are the occupations. Population fluctuates, but it is about the same as fourteen years ago. It has been left to Congregationalists to furnish religious privileges to this scattered people. During the fifteen years we have organized and re-organized schools in each of these villages, until now Sunday-school work is quite well established. The Sunday-school at Barstow furnished the seed for the hopeful church developed there last year under the care of the Congregational Home Missionary Society. By means of these desert schools many children were given a start in the Way of Life; in other places they are going forward as Christian Young People.

### Bible Drills.

By W. N. Burr of Southern California Congregational S. S. Committee

The Bible is a sort of "Jungle Book" to a great many people, young and old—or perhaps I would better say *jumble* book. It seems to them to be a collection of stories, prophecies, epistles, thrown together "just about as it happened."

Such a misconception is not to be wondered at, perhaps—no matter why, just now—let the reader think that out for himself; but those of us who know better have a work to do toward correcting all this, and the place in which to do it is the Sunday-school. And I know of no better way than for the pastor in the average Sunday-school, and perhaps somebody else in the schools above the average, to take about ten minutes or less of the time given to opening exercises for a drill upon the main events and divisions of the Old and New Testaments.

My own plan the past year has been something like this: By regular drill work, to fasten first in the mind the fact that the Bible, the whole of it, centers in God's plan of redemption through Christ. Jesus Christ is the hero of the Book, Old Testament as well as New. Thus, at the very outset the apparently disconnected stories begin to arrange themselves as parts of a consecutive history. The story begins with the creation—just touched



upon, not elaborated—for the object is not to tell the whole story of creation, but just to open the doors to the story of redemption. The next scene is "The Fall," and we are face to face with that which made redemption necessary. Then, with Abraham called out from Ur of the Chaldees, we stand at the threshold of the history of a certain nation. Why *that* nation, and not some other? Because Jesus Christ, the Redeemer, was to come out of that nation. A drill on the principal events of the history of this nation from Abraham to the captivity completes the Old Testament history. The writings of the poets and prophets of this time are carried over in a body into their historical place, the four hundred years between the captivity and the birth of Christ are noted, and then we come to the Redeemer himself. The story from his birth to his ascension is quickly outlined, and we glance at the work as afterward carried on by his followers, as recorded in the Acts. The epistles which follow are picked up in a body and set over where they belong historically, and the Revelation gives us a prophecy of the further movement of the story of the Redeemer and the redeemed.

Now, whenever we study a Bible lesson we see it as a part of a connected history; it drops into its place, and we always "know where we are." The book of The Acts, for instance, which the Sunday-schools have been studying since the first of January, takes its place in its relation to the whole story. Drill work on this book has been very profitable. My general outline has been as follows: Chapters 1-7, "The Church at Jerusalem"; 8-12, "The Church Extended"; 13-15, "Paul's First Missionary Journey"; 16-18, "Paul's Second Missionary Journey"; 18-21, "Paul's Third Missionary Journey"; 21-26, "Paul at Jerusalem"; 27, 28, "Paul's Journey to Rome"; last part of 28th, "Paul at Rome." The map drills are one of the most enjoyable features for the children. The young people soon become as familiar with the names and locations of the provinces of Asia Minor as they are with the map of the United States. I Peter 1:1 means something to the child—and to the Sunday-school teacher—who has had this drill.

The Bible is not a "Jungle Book" nor a *jumble* book; but a great many people wander about in it as they would in a labyrinth, for want of a little simple instruction, such as is afforded by these Bible drills.

Corona, California, April 28, 1902.

#### Among the Quicksilver Mines.

Almost as valuable as gold, because so necessary as a "gold-catcher" in modern gold-mining, is the metal called quicksilver, or mercury. The cinnabar ores of San Luis Obispo county are abundant, and lately, large reduction works for extracting the "quick" have been erected there. Crude ores have there been in use many years, and with little invested capital good returns have come. This increased mining activity has recently brought a moderate increase of population into these parts.

In 1901 we made a Sunday-school canvass of that region. Found four contiguous school districts in which were over sixty children with no Sunday-school. Some years ago a church had flourished there; but various reasons caused removals, until the church was disbandled and the building sold for a rancher's storehouse. "Isms" had come in, also skepticism, indifference and much ungodliness.

After three days' hard labor we secured a Sunday forenoon meeting. It was well attended. We were gladly surprised to see the aroused desire for the renew-

al of religious services. One family of three generations came. One lad of ten years walked five miles over the mountains to be present. He promised faithful attendance. After the sermon we organized, enrolling forty-five members in four classes, with good officers. We donated supplies for the first quarter, since which



A Quick-silver Mine

the school is self-supporting. The Word of God is being faithfully studied, and more than two score souls are there learning the Way of Life and the saving truths of the kingdom who have no other available services.

Some Sunday-schools are too much like quicksilver in mobility. May this one at S. be like that useful metal in being a sure "catcher" of the Good Gold of God's worth, and the "mirror" that shall flash "the Light of the knowledge of the glory of God" in many souls.

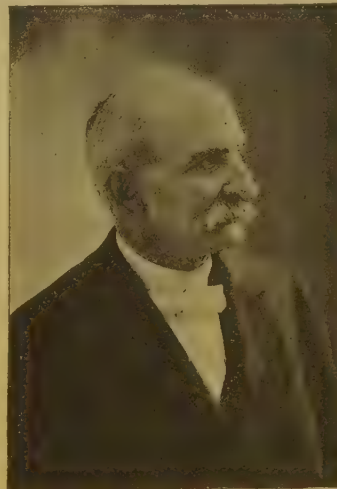
H. P. C.

#### WASHINGTON AND NORTHERN IDAHO.

Is the Work of the C. S. S. and P. S. Productive?

BY SAMUEL GREENE.

The work of the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society began in Washington about 1884, in the employment and faithful service of Deacon G. R. An-



Rev. Samuel Greene, Supt. of Washington and Northern Idaho.

drus, then of Cheney, who continued to serve until 1889, with persevering industry and zeal, and with results which are felt on to this time in the older settlements of Eastern Washington.

Within a few days, fifteen years will have elapsed since the writer began the work in Western Washington.

On the 15th of May, 1887, a pastorate of eight years was closed that this wider work might be undertaken in the vicinity of Puget Sound; the field being broadened out less than three years later, giving him supervision of the entire State of Washington, and yet further on after five years, Northern Idaho became part of the area over which he must needs occasionally journey.



In all this territory, nearly five hundred Sunday-schools have been gathered during this period, and eighty-eight of the churches now on our State Registrar's roll grew from these schools. The record of some of these Sunday-schools has been brief; in some cases of but a few months of life, others of years, of which about an hundred and fifty remain unto this day, which stand as our Independent or Mission schools.

Here is a Sunday-school which is called Trent, on the open prairie beyond Spokane, first gathered, perhaps, fourteen years ago by the first worker in the State. Then long distances separated the homes in that vicinity and some who would could not always reach the place of meeting. As settlers became more numerous the school grew, and in 1889 a church was gathered, and preaching services at intervals were maintained. Removals and possibly some other conditions prevented further growth, and for lack of necessary care the church became scattered, and even the Sunday-school was for several years abandoned. Within the past three years the school has been re-opened, but some opposition arising as to the use of the schoolhouse, the Sunday-school removed itself to an adjacent district, with the place of meeting three miles away. But here the school grew for a year or more, and when the opposition ceased it moved back again to its former quarters. The attendance increased yet more until seventy-five or eighty would be found in the building at the Endeavor Society or preaching service, by our Missionary Percival. No larger room being found in the vicinity, it was at once nearly decided to build a hall. The hint of it was enough to bring a conference to consider a church organization again, or the reorganizing of the old body. Twenty-five or more have already united in covenant, and have incorporated; have secured lots and material; and money sufficient, with the aid of the C. C. B. S., has pledged to erect a commodious house of worship.

The enterprise at Pleasant Valley in Whatcom county has, in other correspondence, been already given to your readers, but in this case it has been but a matter of less than three years from the first gathering of the Sunday-school, with an enrollment of about fifty, soon growing to ninety, followed by twenty-five or more asking for church organization; then a church building erected costing \$1,700, and without debt, and at the time of dedication and recognition forty-two persons enter into fellowship as a church.

Clear Lake in Skagit county is a lumbering town, and here for about five years we have had a Sunday-school. It was very weak and sickly for two years, only fifteen to twenty being in attendance. Teaching force was small and often discouraged. There seemed to be only one good woman who was steadfast upon whom we could rely, and she not always in good health. But the Sunday-school Society's people looked after it, encouraged it in every way possible, and later one of our pastors, a far-reaching man, himself of no small measure, put in a fortnightly service for three years or more, and a church is about to be gathered.

I might tell also of Easton when the writer looked over the community, away up in the Cascade Mountains, about four months ago. There was not one person to be found who thought it possible that a Sunday-school could be maintained. It is a railway mountain division town, but with over forty enrolled in the Sunday-school at the beginning, now nearly sixty, the schoolhouse is both too short and too narrow in size and in seats to accommodate the congregation.

This probably also means a church within a year and a building whose spire shall point heavenwards. These are but a few instances of the results of Christian industry in behalf of outlying communities. Shall this society have the means to carry on this endeavor?

Shall Washington furnish a thousand dollars on next Children's Day, Sunday, June 8th, to continue this aggressive work?

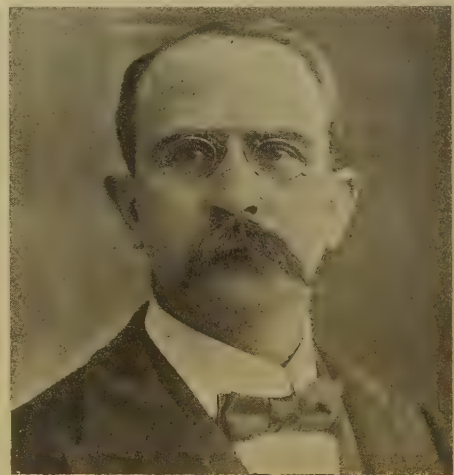
Seattle, Wash.

### Sunday-schools as Foundations in Washington.

BY REV. H. W. YOUNG.

Whether erecting material structures, building up of institutions for the welfare of mankind, or constructing character, foundations are primary, important, and there is no time at which greater care and thoughtfulness are necessary than at the beginning of things.

Superstructures are only safe and sure when the foundations have been laid with wisdom. Nothing lasts



Rev. Harry W. Young, Missionary for Western Washington, appointed June, 1898.

which is superficial. Whatever is built high, and remains, silently speaks of depths broad, unseen.

To follow a mistake or unwise choice after the "inner light" has revealed such mistake or choice, is to corrode and rust, waste the most valuable resources, and miss the greater possibilities of life, but ideals, however high, noble and pure, are attainable to those who cling with unfaltering devotion to them, and are ever responsive and obedient to the sensibilities of the spiritual self.

Pastors, superintendents, teachers, Congregationalists, what are your ideals as to Western Washington, the Pearl of the Pacific Coast? What are your desires as to foundations upon which her future shall be built? What are your wishes as to her upper-structures, and her purity of social, political, and commercial life? How deep will you go? How broad will you build? How high will you aim?

Certainly, you have not failed to look, thoughtfully, beyond your own little sphere, to the great world movements and developments, and discover that this section of territory, with its great resources of wealth, its possibilities of shipping, in connection with Alaska, the Orient, and other parts of the world, is destined to become as densely populated as any portion of our Atlantic Coast, and that Puget Sound, as one great har-



bor, with its 400 islands, which can offer a safe anchorage for every craft afloat today, is, in future years, to become as busy a mart as any of the great ports of the world.

He who lives and builds only for self and today lives not at all, in the best sense, and it is only as we live and build for tomorrow, for the blessing of those who are to come after us, that they may successfully meet the opportunities and possibilities of the future, that we are proving true to the far-reaching principles of our denominational polity.

Congregationalism stands for everything broad, deep, high and true; in every sphere of life, and as loyal Congregationalists we must look well and wisely to our foundations.

You are all doing foundation work these days, and that work will stand future tests in just such measure as you build wisely, but your Society—and it is your Society, brethren, which is doing your specific foundation work as a denomination—is the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society, and as such it deserves and should have your heartiest co-operation in every way, which includes your earnest prayers, your enthusiasm and a goodly portion of God's money, entrusted to you.

With due regard for our other Societies, and we would not have you love them less, we feel the need of a larger measure of sympathy and co-operation on the part of every church and every Congregationalist, not that we, personally, may gain thereby, except in our usefulness, but that our present opportunities may be accepted, and that many safe and sure foundations may be here and now laid, that in days to come there may be built upon them religious institutions and organizations which shall wield a mighty influence for good in the lives of men, and for the upbuilding of the kingdom of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

We, as your representatives and missionaries, are willing and ready to go where duty calls, and labor, with all the ability God has given us for the coming of peace and purity, and while we may know that he who said, "Lo, I am with you alway," is true to his divine promise, and while we may have, and do have, the inner consciousness, of that presence, yet it will greatly add to our confidence and success to know that behind us there are hundreds—yes, thousands—of true-hearted men and women, who are praying earnestly, talking wisely, and giving generously, to that fundamental work, we love, than which there is none more important.

A glance at our statistics will quickly show that the interest and co-operation you have already shown has been fruitful, and that more than sixty per cent of the established churches of our order in this State are the outgrowth of work planted and nourished by your Foundation Society, if I may be so allowed to express it.

Our opportunities to day are greater than ever before, and the demands upon us surpass our resources. Urgent appeals for help are coming from all directions, and you must draw your own conclusions as to the reason for this.

We would not forget nor underestimate the past considerations you have shown this branch of your work, but we plead, in the name of 70,000 children in this State alone, who are today outside of the Sabbath-schools of the State, in the name of your children's children, in the name of the multitudes, who are yet to occupy this favored section of Western Washington, in the name of him who gave his life for you, and whom

you love and adore, that you leave no effort unmade for the greater encouragement and growth of this branch of your work.

Heap up the measures, brethren, of practical influence and helpfulness. Cause them to overflow, and that



A Sunday-school in Eastern Washington, in the Cascade Mountains, six miles east of N. P. R. R. terminal; membership 50.

overflow will reach backward to you and forward to generations yet unborn, blessing both them and you by uplifting, purifying and ennobling, and bringing honor and adoration to your Lord and Savior, to whom all honor and glory are due.

Seattle, Wash.

### Sunday-school Work in Eastern Washington.

J. T. PERCIVAL.

If the work of the C. S. S. and P. S. was simply confined to the organization of Sunday-schools, it would



Rev. J. T. Percival, Missionary for Eastern Washington, appointed July, 1898.

be many years before the one missionary in Eastern Washington would be able to say that the work was finished. With the multiplicity of duties which the Sunday-



school missionary has to encounter, and which, as a faithful servant he must discharge to the best of his ability, it does seem as though, instead of the need for his services diminishing, it rapidly increases. Very few



A Sunday-school in Washington.

people are aware the least part of a Sunday-school missionary's work is the organization of schools. During almost four years' service as a Sunday-school missionary, the writer never has undertaken to organize a school without accomplishing his purpose, but the aim of our Sunday-school Society is to carry out the instructions of the World's Redeemer, and do its part towards carrying the gospel of Christ to every creature, and in this grand work its usefulness is only limited by the means placed at its disposal.

It was on the sixteenth day of October, 1898, that a Sunday-school was organized in a little school-house in Adams county, in the midst of a sage-brush prairie, where the shrill howling and snapping bark of the prairie wolf seemed to protest against the approach of Christian civilization. But as man often seems to be man's worst enemy, so this school very soon fell a victim to the alluring charms of the violin, and the dance, and the school became a thing of the past. Three months passed by; then the school was reorganized, and has been in existence ever since. In the meantime the population had rapidly increased, but the C. S. S. and P. S. had opened a door on that prairie where persons of all denominations and those of no denomination might find a home where the Word of God was taught. Soon this school, so feeble at first, had ninety members enrolled, besides good Senior and Junior Endeavor Societies, and within the last two years two church organizations have sprung from that Sunday-school. Another church and Sunday-school, which long had been entirely abandoned, in January, 1901, was visited by the Sunday-school missionary, and the school was reorganized, and within one year, with no other aid than that furnished by the King of kings and the Sunday-school missionary, the school had seventy members enrolled, a C. E. S. of thirty members, the church re-organized with twenty-one members, and over \$800 subscribed towards building a church.

Away up in Stevens county, in a valley between the

mountains, the Sunday-school missionary was asked to go and organize a Sunday-school; so, on June 6, 1899, eight miles from the nearest church, a Sunday-school was organized there with thirty-four members, and that school has now been suspended. It now has a membership of forty-five, and every child in that mountain who is able to read is a member of that school.

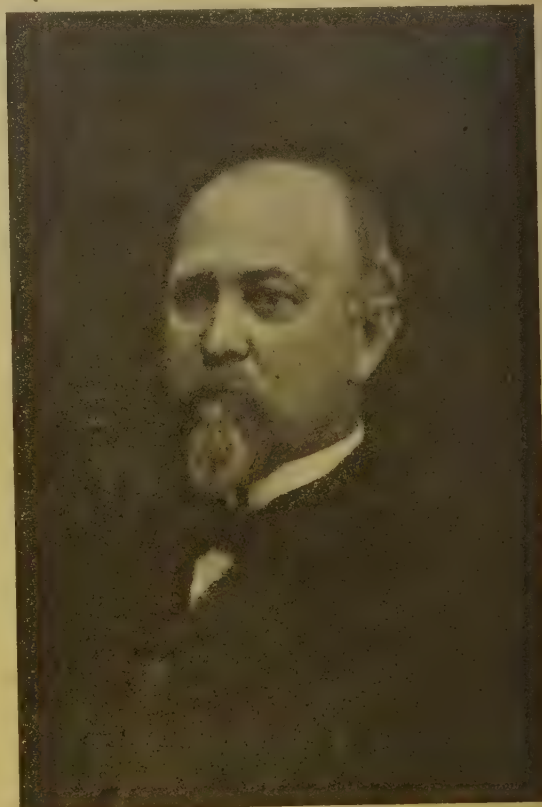
Of the sixty-eight schools visited by the Sunday-school missionary for Eastern Washington during his almost four years of service, fifty per cent of them have received no other spiritual help from our denomination than that furnished by him.

The Sunday-school missionary does not confine himself to his Sunday-school work, but is always ready to assist pastorless churches. I am persuaded if the work being carried on by the C. S. S. and P. S. in Washington was fully understood, the Children's Day contributions this year would more than double that of former years. Fathers and mothers, our desire is to help you to save the children for Christ, the church, for home and country.

### The Work in Northern Idaho.

REV. A. R. JOHNSON.

Northern Idaho, the Gem of the Mountains, has never had but one worker at a time, and this has not extended much, if any, beyond two and a half years. Outside of the visits of Superintendent Greene, the work



Rev. A. R. Johnson, Missionary C. S. S. and P. S. for Northern Idaho.

for the two years immediately past has been done by the present incumbent. The territory involved is not an easy one to travel over, owing partly to its mountainous character and in part to the fact that no railway lines traverse it from north to south, and because it has no



common center from which all parts may be reached. It is therefore necessary that every available means of transportation be called into use to carry the worker to the numerous needy places. To those who are acquainted with pioneer work it will be clear that all these conditions, and many more which we cannot stop to mention, have very much to do with the progress of Christian work in new and unexplored territory.

The question now is, What are the results of our efforts? All told, the Society has on its rolls today thirty-two full-fledged Sunday-schools, with a membership of nearly eleven hundred. These are in four groups. Commencing at the north, we have the Pend d'Oreille group, embracing four schools. Next the Coeur d'Alene, including ten; the Latah group, with seven; and the Idaho county group, with eleven. Three promising churches have within this last year grown out of the work, having a membership of about seventy, which are doing excellent work for the Master today. When we remember that for the most part this missionary work has been done in communities where there were no Sunday-schools and no religious work whatever, from the beginning of the year to the end of it, then it will appear that the labor given by the Sunday-school Society was very important, and that it has been well appreciated by the several communities, and consequently gave flattering results. Included in this service there have been three hundred sermons and addresses and a travel of nearly twenty thousand miles, aside from the multitude of minor details of the work just as essential. Those who know by experience how quickly a church languishes and loses its power when without a pastor will realize how necessary it is to frequently visit these new enterprises for encouragement and strengthening, and when it is remembered that they are generally isolated from all religious influences and usually led by persons of no experience and little ability to teach the Word, then they receive the sympathy and aid so much needed. Visits apparently so necessary cannot always be made, but must often be supplemented by letters. I wish I could here insert a few of the replies to these letters, in which the writers express their gratitude and appreciation for the advice, for the encouragement, for the Sunday-school planted and for inspiration they have received from the few days or few hours of the missionary's visits.

I wish that I had the space to quote you instances where at first there was opposition to the planting of a school, and where it was thought that the work would be of short duration if the school was organized—how these very committees became appreciative of the effort and the schools became strong and permanent in an incredibly short space of time.

There are a few other places where the people even now clamor for a church organization, as demanded as a result of our Sunday-school work, and there are at least two instances in mind where lots, labor and material have been offered for the erection of a church edifice.

But the things which are seen and heard are not the only results. How much and how deeply the soil has been touched is more than we can tell. If the unseen things that are accomplished in the depths of the soul are eternal, then we have in a thousand ways built up and promoted the forces that shall perpetuate the Kingdom of God and His Christ on earth.

Spokane, Wash.

Patron: "Why, this bill charges for three plates of soup. We had only two." Waiter: "Ah, yes, but monsieur forgets the plate I spilled upon the lady's dress."

## IDAHO.

### Central and Southern Idaho.

REV. H. A. LEE.

Central and Southern Idaho forms a district in the work of the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. Rev. H. A. Lee of Weiser is the Superintendent. Mr. Lee was appointed April 1, 1897, and has been at work all the time since that date. The following is a summary of the work done:



Rev. H. A. Lee.

1st. The Field.—This field embraces 16 of the 21 counties of the State, and is over 300 miles from east to west by about 250 miles from north to south. It is largely a mountain country. A large number of the settlements are mining camps. These fluctuate in population, according to the activity in mining work, and hence our Sunday-school work in these places is more or less interrupted. The agricultural settlements are permanent, but a large percentage of them are small at present. Many will never be able to have a population sufficient to support a church, hence their only hope for religious work is in the Sunday-school. On the other hand very many of these settlements, by development of systems of irrigation, will have, in the near future, large populations, and the call is imperative for their evangelization. In this the Sunday-school must precede the church. Five counties in the east and southeast part of the State are occupied almost exclusively by Mormons.

2d. The Work.—The Society's work in this field began in April, 1897, and one worker has been employed since that time. The pastors of our several churches have also given splendid aid and comfort, which has helped to secure permanency. During the four years and nine months, 64 Sunday-schools were organized, one of which has developed into a church, with a settled pastor. At least three others would also be churches today were the H. M. S. prepared to give pastoral work. Of the 64 schools organized, 10 have been absorbed by consolidation; 8 have passed under the care of other denominations; 7 have been abandoned for the time because of removal of workers; 1 was discontinued on account of the members joining the Home Department of one of our Congregational Sunday-schools, leaving 38 now on the field, most of which keep up the work during the whole year. The number of officers and teachers is 84; the number of scholars is 736. To do this work the Superintendent has traveled 22,217 miles and delivered 313 sermons and addresses; has conducted 20 institutes and participated in 12 conventions.

This, with introducing isolated families to Home Department of Sunday-schools of their choice, distribution of literature, personal conversation and correspondence with persons on the subject of personal religion, supplying the schools with their lesson helps and papers, has constituted the work, and filled up the opportunity, in this part of the Master's vineyard. The results of this work are seen in the changed lives; the formation of public sentiment in favor of the good and against the evil, and in the comfort afforded to those who love the truth. Among the workers in our little schools are many heroes of faith, who overcome manifold difficulties to carry on the work.

The following cases among many illustrate this:

In a new mining camp a young lady carried on a Sunday-school for a year, being Superintendent, Secre-



tary and Treasurer, and aided only in teaching by her mother.

The Superintendent of one of our schools in Fremont county lived eight miles from the place of meeting and was seldom absent.

A family in Lemhi county, who live eight miles from the Sunday-school, have been absent but few times during the last three years. The road is in the canyon of the Salmon river and is very rough.

One of our schools held its sessions all this last summer under a pine tree, there being no school-house in the settlement and no residence large enough.

### Chinese Students and the Exclusion Laws.

BY LUELLA MINER IN THE INDEPENDENT.

Among the precepts for building up a prosperous empire uttered by China's sage is this: "Treat with tenderness men from afar." This ancient empire of the East does not always live up to her own ideals, as witness the sad events of 1900, but they still hold as ideals for herself and for lands across the sea, and are thus entitled to consideration.

On the twelfth of last September two Chinese students stood on the "Doric" as she turned in the Golden Gate. They had heard much of "the land of the free;" their American teachers had told them how their ancestors here sought freedom to worship God; their histories studied in the North China College told them how Kossuth and other patriots found here a refuge, sympathy and assistance, how the oppressed from every nation under heaven found here a home. They had been admirers of America's defense of enslaved Cuba, as described in periodicals in their native tongue. These students had a peculiar claim to the hospitality of American shores. During that terrible Boxer outbreak they had been in the blood-stained Province of Shansi, and for weeks while the storm was raging they had stood by our American missionaries, refusing to desert them, though to remain might at any moment invite a horrible death. Mr. K'ung is a direct descendant of Confucius, bearing marks of his ancestry in his slender, aristocratic form and mobile, sensitive face, and at the time of the outbreak had just completed the junior year in the North China College, near Peking, and returned to his home in Shansi for the summer vacation. There he stayed for a month with a doomed band of Americans, turning a deaf ear to both the entreaties and the threats of relatives, none of whom were Christians. Two weeks before the slaughter of that band he was seized and imprisoned by his relatives, and behind bolts and bars in his own home he was an agonized listener when a howling mob did to death the missionaries to whom he was so devoutly attached. Then for weeks, while the Boxer bands were slaughtering Christians like sheep, he was hidden with strangers in the country in a dark, vermin-infested store-room, without a book, without the sound of a friendly voice. It was eight months before he looked again into the face of a sympathizing friend. What wonder that body, mind and faith almost succumbed, and that hope returned only after the way opened to leave these scenes, haunted by awful memories, to go to America and offer condolence to the friends of the martyred missionaries, and there in Oberlin, the college home of these missionaries, to try to fit himself to take up the work which they had laid down. Another pathetic object of his journey was to place in the hands of friends in this country some of the last letters written by the martyrs, letters which he had promised to deliver into the hands of trusty for-

eigners, and which he had concealed during those months of storm and stress at great personal peril. In his baggage were clothing, books and photographs, all that could be found belonging to his murdered friends, which he was bringing to those who loved them.

Mr. Fei (or Fay), a graduate of the North China College, had remained true to another band of missionaries in Fen Chou Fu, Shansi, for two long months when danger lurked daily at their door. With them he set out under a guard of Chinese soldiers on the fateful morning of August 15th. He escaped just before the soldiers began the massacre of that company, bearing concealed on his person the message, "This man is trustworthy; he will tell you of our fate." Almost penniless, through dangers and sufferings manifold, he made his way slowly on foot over five hundred miles of mountain and plain to Tientsin, where he was the first to tell the sad news of Shansi. Anxiously he made his way to his home near Peking. It was in ruins. His dear old father and mother had fallen victims to the Boxers. His best-loved sister, with husband and child, were among the Shansi martyrs. To him also the realization of the long-cherished hope that he might strive for a college diploma in America came like a flood of sunshine from a darkened sky.

Neither Chinese Government nor Missionary Board furnished money for the traveling expenses of these young men. Their all was expended on the journey and outfit, and this was supplemented by the gifts of two missionaries. They expected to depend largely upon their own exertions after reaching Oberlin College. They knew well that America does not welcome with enthusiasm strangers from afar if they have yellow skins, but they belonged to the favored class of students, who, according to the treaty of 1884, will be admitted if provided with proper papers. The teacher who brought them to America, desirous of avoiding delays and difficulties, had consulted the American Consul nearest at hand as to the proper course to pursue. He stated that the first step would be to get Chinese papers either from the Viceroy of the province or the Customs 'Tao-tai. As the Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, was most accessible, passports were obtained from him, and a verbal message was sent stating that there need be no apprehension of difficulty in landing, as in addition to giving these papers Li Hung Chang had sent a special letter to Wu Ting Fang in Washington concerning the students. These Chinese passports were taken to the American Consul in Tientsin and left with him for translation, for affixing the seal of the Consulate, for any other legalities which might be necessary. The customary fee was paid, and the writer was assured by the Consul that everything necessary had been done, so she crossed the broad Pacific with her protegee, without thought of shipwreck to her plans after the peaceful haven of San Francisco was reached.

The two students had been obliged to travel in the steerage, enduring privations, distasteful food and bad air, to which they were not accustomed, and which could but tell on bodies already weakened by physical and mental suffering. So on that September morning no passengers on the "Doric" greeted more gladly the beautiful coast of California. But they had been warned that white folks must come first, even in this democratic land, and that their papers would probably not receive attention until the next day. So the afternoon of Thursday was spent patiently on shipboard. Friday, their more fortunate countrymen, whose papers had been declared satisfactory, picked up their luggage and departed with gleeful faces. In the afternoon the crush-



ing tidings reached them that the American official at the Chinese Bureau had found flaws in their papers. Still they were assured by the writer and a friend who was assisting her, as well as by the Chinese Consul-General, that everything possible would be done for them both in San Francisco and in Washington. Telegrams and letters began to fly to Minister Wu. There were repeated interviews with the Chief of the Chinese Bureau and one with the Collector of the Port. It was all in vain. Personally, they were most courteous and sympathetic. Officially they were adamant. Stringent orders had been recently received from Washington because of alleged evasions of the exclusion laws, and Secret Service men abounded. The officials of the Chinese Bureau were appointed to execute the laws made by the Congress of the United States and the rulings of the Treasury Department, and these denied landing to any Chinese in whose papers the least legal flaw could be detected. Students must be provided with a "Section VI Certificate" according to the treaty of 1884. Li Hung Chang's passports, which a United States official admitted were the finest ever seen in San Francisco, the only ones from the hand of the great Viceroy, furnished nearly all of the information required in a "Section VI Certificate" except a few details, showing the status of the young men as students, but were not made out in legal form. Proof that they were genuine students and had come to America solely for the purpose of study could be supplied under oath by the American teacher in the North China College, under whose escort they had come, and additional proof could be given by other friends resident in America, but this would not suffice. More serious than the defects in the original papers given by Li Hung Chang were the omissions and mistakes of the American Consul who vised the passports. The agent of the American Government had been either ignorant or careless of his official duty, though he had in his office at the time complete forms for students' papers, including Section VI certificates, and the consequences must fall on the heads of the innocent.

Tuesday afternoon the two students were formally denied landing. One of two things must now happen. Inaction meant that when the "Doric" weighed anchor the next Friday they would be deported. Once back in their native land, if they had sufficient physical strength and pluck and money, they might get the lacking certificates and knock once more at America's door. The other course was to appeal from the decision of the Chinese Bureau to the Treasury Department at Washington. If this was done they could not be deported while their case was pending, but they would be confined in the detention sheds on the wharf. If the appeal failed they would still be deported, with the additional hardship of having endured at least three weeks of suffering in a hell to be described later in this article. For only the steamers of the O. and O. line, by which the travelers came, would take them back to the port whence they had sailed.

On the advice of Minister Wu and Consul-General Ho Yow, both of whom from beginning to end exerted themselves most strenuously in behalf of the students, this appeal was made, though with many misgivings because of the fact that Powderly, of labor union fame, was Commissioner-General of Immigration at Washington. It is but fair to state that the highest American officials connected with the case in San Francisco, personally, not officially, indorsed this appeal. Thirteen days after the "Doric" landed the answer came by telegram stating that the students were not to be deported

at present, but were to be held in San Francisco pending the procuring of satisfactory papers from China. This was granted as a special act of executive clemency. The appeal had been half successful. Had the Treasury Department consented that the students proceed to Oberlin and begin their studies while awaiting these papers their trials would have been ended. This request was denied, though Minister Wu presented their case repeatedly to the Department at Washington, and an American friend visiting in the capital also went to plead in their behalf.

Now let us go back and give the personal history of the two students. For a week after arriving in San Francisco they endured life on the steamer, which was coaling, and which offered them an abiding place even less desirable than when tossed about on the ocean. On Thursday, having paid their board to the steamship company from the date of arrival of the "Doric" until the time of sailing of the next O. and O. steamer, they transferred their residence to the detention sheds.

The name does not sound attractive and it is no misnomer. Before describing the place a brief explanation of the conditions which led to its establishment is necessary. The steamship companies are naturally interested in encouraging immigration. They protect themselves by selling tickets only to those who are provided, as they suppose, with proper papers, and by requiring a deposit of money to pay the return passage if landing is denied. This deposit, however, cannot be demanded of the favored classes, of which students are one. The steamship companies are accused of violating the contract labor laws, of assisting, by the employment of lawyers and less regular means, in the landing of Chinese who have no right to be admitted to our shores. With the truth or falsity of these charges we are not at present concerned. But it is evident that the steamship companies do not desire to deport gratis those of their passengers who are denied landing. Hence the erection of these detention sheds. How the United States Government would provide for the shelter—or imprisonment—of guests who are knocking at her door while she was deliberately considering whether or not they were worthy of admission, is not known. In the nature of the case the steamship companies relieve her of this embarrassment, charging the bill for temporary entertainment to the guests.

Where and what are the detention sheds, you ask? Perhaps you have passed under them several times without knowing of their existence. The Pacific Mail wharf, a great, gloomy, wooden structure, with its customs house, where your trunks are ruthlessly unloaded of their contents—likewise your purse—is a painfully familiar spot to many. Inside this structure, near the entrance from the landward side and opposite the part used as a customs house, rises a steep, narrow stairway. It leads to the detention sheds, which form the second story of part of this great structure. These sheds, where on an average at least two hundred people are constantly confined, are perhaps eighty feet long and thirty or forty feet wide, and the space is divided into three or four wards, one of which is for women. Each room is completely occupied by bunks, which not only line the walls, but partition-like divide the space into little cells. These bunks are simply a wooden framework rising in four tiers, the space between each tier being less than two feet, not sufficient to allow the occupant to sit upright. Two usually sleep in each narrow bunk. Meals of very inferior quality are served three times a day, and as there is not a table or chair in the whole establishment, the prisoners must stand or sit



upon the floor while they eat. If board is not paid they will be deported. Small, barred windows admit a little light and air, but not enough to conquer the darkness and stench of this small place, where over two hundred human beings are herded, with no facilities for bathing or washing their clothes, and with the fumes of opium and tobacco poisoning the heavily-laden atmosphere. Those who have not previously been addicted to the opium and tobacco habit usually take to one or both to deaden their senses to the vile odor which sickens them, or to bring sweet oblivion to their anxious minds. Gambling is the only pastime, and the the sound of loud and angry voices often make pandemonium of the place. Angry execrations of the country which has subjected them to such misery may be heard, and songs cursing America are occasionally sung with great gusto. There are no proper police regulations. Kind treatment from their jailors is the exception; open contempt, a rude jostle or a kick are more frequently their portion. No callers are allowed, no papers, letter or messages can greet them from the outside world. Perhaps a wife has come to join her husband who is a merchant in San Francisco; no word from him can reach her. A father and his little son return together from a visit to native land. The father is allowed to go on shore, the little boy is thrust alone in the detention sheds because there is some doubt about his right to land. There have been instances where men have been confined here for nearly a year. Detentions for four or five months are of constant occurrence and often end in deportation. No wonder that one morning a poor suicide was found hanging by a rope. Sickness is common, death is not infrequent. It only means one poor heathen less; the steamship company will not be obliged to pay for his deportation. San Francisco has laws regulating the minimum of cubic feet of air to be breathed by one person, but in this outlawed spot, which is neither America nor China, no law of God or man has weight. One shudders to think what would happen if this tinder-like structure should take fire. Positively the only exit is this one narrow stairway, with the little locked door at the top. Chinatown in San Francisco is a heaven compared with this place. It is a breeding place of disease and crime. Here is America's first school for those who come to her shores. Let her not complain if some of the lessons learned there are put in practice later in Chinatowns.

It is easy to see why the Pacific Mail Company does not admit newspaper reporters to this black hole. It is forced to admit accredited agents of the Chinese Bureau and of the Chinese Consulate; it is not allowed to admit others unless they have a permit from the Bureau. It is also easy to imagine why these permits are very difficult to obtain. Efforts are often made to have immigrants landed by fraudulent means. If the answers to certain questions can be smuggled to them, lawyers may succeed in getting them released. Many a Chinese who came to this country with an extra hundred dollars in his pocket, but with no right to land, according to the exclusion laws, has left the wharf—from the landward side—with a smiling face. So a double cordon guards the approach to the detention sheds, first one of United States officials, after passing which only an employee of the Pacific Mail Company can unlock the prison door.

It was Thursday morning when the two students were committed to this prison, and not until Monday did the writer succeed in getting a permit to see them. She was then accompanied by an interpreter, such being the rules of the Bureau. The interpreter on this occasion was most courteous and sympathetic, showing

plainly that he realized the needlessness of his services either as interpreter or spy. A glance at the faces of the young men showed that the apprehensions of their friends were not unfounded. Mr. K'ung especially was in a critical condition physically, and a few more days in that vitiated atmosphere would undoubtedly sow the seeds of incurable disease. Unless their case was decided favorably at Washington (and the answer from Washington had not been received at this time), there was only one way of getting them out of this death-den before the next O. and O. steamer sailed for China; if a physician gave a certificate that longer residence in the detention sheds would probably prove fatal they might be released on bond. The Consul-General had already assured us that he would be willing to give bond for any amount demanded. No time must be lost. There was more red tape getting permission for a physician to visit the sheds, accompanied by an interpreter from the Chinese Bureau, the making out of the certificate, then the giving of a thousand dollar bond for each student. It was already dark Wednesday night when Dr. Gardiner, of the Chinese Bureau, who had become intensely interested in the students, took the necessary papers, and had them released from durance vile.

Minister Wu sent the defective paper back to Li Hung Chang, but before they reached China the Viceroy had passed away. Delay was inevitable, and certificates were finally made out by new officials, unfamiliar with the case. So when, late in February, the papers were returned to Minister Wu, they still failed to conform to the American requirements. After half a year of waiting in San Francisco, the students must still possess their souls in patience for at least three months longer, until new papers can come from China. One year of college life has been lost, and time, strength and money which should have gone to the preparation for their life work in China.

During the first days of the captivity of the students the beloved president of this great republic died at the hand of an assassin, whose name the writer could not pronounce when the young men asked it. "It is not an American name, then," was the significant comment of the questioner. "It is a European name," I answered, well understanding the thought that lurked behind the simple question. That Wednesday night when the students left the wharf in the darkness they had heard a pistol shot, and a man had fallen, mortally wounded. This was a daily occurrence during that strike of draymen and longshoremen. "Were these strikers also many of them European immigrants?" The questioner looked thoughtful when he heard the answer, then said politely: "From the little I have seen of your honorable country it seems to me that immigrants from Europe and their descendants are making more trouble here than those from China."

Mr. Fei and Mr. K'ung, soon after they were released on bond, called on some other Chinese students who reached America with them. These young men brought papers from Shanghai properly made out, and though they had been subjected to no such delay and hardship as had worn on body and spirit of the later arrivals, still the rude treatment which they had received gave these students, many of whom came from proud, wealthy families, a most unpleasant introduction to American life.

The American phrase, "An Open Door in China," is a most unhappy one, and we sometimes hear it on Chinese lips spoken with an inflection which will bring a flush of shame to the cheek of an American, if his intuitions are sensitive to catch the full meaning.

America has weighty reasons just now for seeking to



win the favor of Chinese, especially of the merchants, literati and official class. Commerce has spread wide wings, and far-visioned prophets speak of the day when the Pacific will be an American lake. But there is not a person on the face of the earth more sensitive to personal insult than an educated, self-respecting Chinese. By unjust, discourteous treatment of the comparatively small number of the favored classes who come to our shores, America will gain a name which will handicap her in the commercial race, which will begin now that China is opening her doors to Western enterprise and capital. Thirty merchants who came over on one steamer were deported because an American Consul had failed to state whether they were tea, silk or rice merchants, though these particulars were stated fully in their original Chinese papers. A student who receives a repulse is a most dangerous foe, for often he wields a trenchant pen, and an article which he sends back to a newspaper in Shanghai, Canton, or Tientsin, may circulate all over the empire. Take the case of Mr. Fei and Mr. K'ung. The young official, through whose kind offices the passports were obtained from Li Hung Chang, was in almost daily contact with a club consisting of about three hundred of the most progressive men in Peking, literati and officials representing most of the eighteen provinces. This official friend long ago received word of the sad experiences of these students in America. A few words from him to the club might have an influence far-reaching and permanent which, in time, would decide many a student to seek in some other land for an education.

The country which welcome China's student class to her shores will some day win rich concessions and commercial privileges in the empire. For the young men who now, in increasing numbers, are flocking to foreign lands, will be the men of influence in the new China of the twentieth century. An Imperial edict issued last September commands the Viceroy and Governors to send abroad "young men of scholastic promise and ability to study any branch of science or art best suited to their abilities and tastes, so that they may return in time to China and place the fruits of their knowledge at the services of the empire."

Russia is wise in her generation. She is courting this student class, offering them special inducements to seek her shores. A company started for St. Petersburg not long ago. Think you they will spend the first two weeks of their sojourn there on shipboard or in dark, filthy detention sheds? Far from it. Russian officials will show them every courtesy, and twenty years hence, when Russia wants to make another land steal in China by a secret treaty, one of these students may be in a position to help her.

Can we ask any special privileges for our merchants and missionaries in China when we refuse to her best citizens the common rights of human beings? But independent of the question of policy or selfish interest, can America as a Christian nation, as the champion of the oppressed in every land, as the country which, during the late troubles posed as the friend of China, afford to disappoint the hopes of those who seek her shores?

Rev. E. Hoskins is doing an excellent work at Guerneville. Under his leadership there is again a very encouraging outlook in that field. Among the things specially worthy of note there is the new parsonage, the work on which was largely done by Mr. Hoskins himself.

## The Bystander.

Poor Adam.

Nobody except a few staunch Presbyterians seem to know whether Adam was a myth or a fact. Two Eastern Presbyteries have recently declined to license theological students who believed the Genesis story mythical. While we are grateful to the few wise men from the East, who know all about Adam, the Bystander rather likes to read what the New York Independent says on this matter. The Independent is so conservative that the Bystander feels perfectly safe in making this quotation from a recent editorial on Adam: "We venture to say that there is not a competent, educated professor of biology or geology in the obscurest Presbyterian college in the United States who believes that the Adam and Eve of Genesis were historical characters, one would have to rake all our colleges and universities with a fine-toothed comb to find such a teacher, and very few they would be. The belief in scientific circles of such an Adam and Eve is dead, and is no longer considered or discussed. Of course, the doctrine of a literal Adam lingers in popular belief, just as once did the belief in the world made in six literal days; but it is held by those who got their education a generation or two ago, or who never got any education at all."

Had the Bystander written the above he might have been regarded as liberal and heretical, but he quotes the words from an editorial in the New York Independent, with which he agrees entirely. It is not a matter of surprise that young men refuse to enter the ministry. The orthodox brethren who know all about Genesis probably enjoyed the wriggling of the candidates caught in the doctrinal meshes of foolish questions, but the Presbyterian church pays a high price for such theological sport. If the readers wish to know what the Bystander thinks of the action of the Eastern Presbyteries he would say that he thinks it a disgrace. "The older men in the presbyteries, especially those who have, for one reason or another, dropped out of the educative stress of pastoral life have not learned what the colleges now teach; and it is they that oppose their large ignorance to modern knowledge."

It is awkward for young men to be educated in the twentieth century, and tried by the standards of the seventeenth century. It is more than awkward; it is positively wrong.

The Congregationalist says: "We do not know of a professor of Old Testament literature now teaching in any theological seminary of the Presbyterian church who claims that the story of Adam and Eve in the first two chapters of Genesis is literal history."

### The Sunday-school Convention.

The Bystander dropped into the meeting of the Sunday-school people last week, and listened with interest and profit to what was said. He was delighted with Mr. Meigs, who, in his hearty, natural way, says good things in a good way. The Bystander thinks, however, that each Sunday-school must solve its own problems, and meet its own conditions, in its own way, and that all "methods" fail unless somebody does the work. It is this "somebody" who is the greatest need in church or Sunday-school work. Pastors are looking for that person. It is comparatively easy to "get up things," and introduce novelties and good ones, too, but the real need is for a faithful few, or better, a faithful many, who may be depended upon to do the real work of a Sunday-school.

The Bystander once had a high opinion of conven-



tions and institutes, where note-books overflowed with enthusiastic memoranda, but he has gradually lost confidence in them. He is old-fashioned, perhaps an old fogey, but he cannot escape the conviction that the greatest need in the public schools and Sunday-schools today is consecrated personality, teaching God's plain truth in simplicity. The Bystander is not a Quaker, but he believes in simplicity—especially in religious instruction.

#### The Children.

The Sunday-school keeps right on doing its mighty work. It has no spasms, no fits and starts, no eras of great success, followed by periods of depression. The pastor who influences the children reaches the community. It pays to work with childhood, and it pays to work with young men. The boy is the practical problem of the modern church. In him centers the greatest interest. We must reach and recover the boyhood of this generation if we are to claim the men of the next.

The pastor must, somehow, get into the Sunday-school not as an autocrat, but as a helper. The man who loses his Sunday-school will soon lose his pulpit.

The quiet work done by the faithful teachers in Sunday-schools, great and small, counts in the end. Blessed are the Sunday-school teachers, for they are the makers of men.

#### A Notable Campaign.

During the month of April just closed the Rev. L. P. Broad and Mrs. Harriet Caswell-Broad have visited in Southern California upwards of thirty churches, Sunday-schools and special meetings; and on each occasion addresses have been made.

With superlative gifts as a speaker and with a practically inexhaustible fund of resources Mrs. Broad has made most pleasing and at the same time lasting impressions concerning the privilege and duty of sending the gospel to all parts of our land.

Heroes and heroines in the common walks of life through the stage of action which her vivid sketches place before the hearers. The moral power of self-denial and of the Christ-spirit acting through a sincere believer is made to shine with a light that is all its own and we are made better.

Through the years many hearts have been inspired by Mrs. Caswell-Broad. Let her thousands of friends in the eastern parts of our country know that with undiminished effectiveness and with the momentum derived from vast experience her informing work is being grandly done along our Pacific Coast. It is a seed-sowing that shall bring its increase during many years.

An element of almost romance and of real poetic beauty is illustrated in the union of Mr. and Mrs. Broad. The beloved pastor, evangelist and superintendent, ripened and enlarged by the gracious experiences of many years of Christian labor, is the fit coadjutor of the first lady of our home missionary kingdom.

For a time a colaborer with Mr. Moody, he moves along elevated ranges of spiritual truth and life, and admirably supplements the addresses of Mrs. Broad with expositions of the Scriptures that are warm and vital, and he knows all about home missions.

Both are, of course, experienced in travel, and know how to conserve time and strength in the midst of countless interviews and meetings. Friends are usually thoughtful in allowing them the liberty of their own plans and thus health and vigor are maintained.

Oregon and Washington are next to be favored with this united evangelism. Whatever of prayerful preparation and sympathetic anticipation is developed by pastors and people will be repaid a hundredfold.

J. L. M.

### Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes

The Men's Club of the Oregon City Congregational church, Rev. E. S. Bollinger, pastor, had a delightful meeting last Friday evening. One hundred or more ladies and gentlemen were present. After an excellent dinner, provided by the ladies of the church, and an hour spent in an after-dinner "experience" meeting, they assembled to the auditorium of the church and had the exquisite pleasure of listening to an historical address by William H. Mowry, A.M., Ph.D., of Hyde Park, Mass., a gentleman of large and enviable reputation as a lecturer and teacher. His subject was "How Our Boundaries Were Pushed from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains." The style of Dr. Mowry is unique and original, and results in fixing the main points of his discourse upon the minds of his auditors as not easily to be forgotten. He has the happy faculty of impressing the salient facts of his subject upon those who hear, and leaving them by subsequent research to fill in the details. And yet, his efforts are not disconnected. Everything follows in proper sequence, and his method is intensely interesting. He makes no effort at oratorical display, but sets forth in a simple yet expressive style the narrative as it appeals to him. Pastor Bollinger has been fortunate in his organization. It has had the effect of centering the literary influence of Oregon City around his church, and has brought under his influence and that of the church many who had hitherto held aloof from it. For two years the meetings have been successful, and this last meeting has been the most pronounced success of any.

A little while ago the summons to a higher life came to one of our gentle ones, long a member of the First church of this city—Miss Minnie Nichols. She has been a partial invalid from childhood, yet had strength to do much for the Master's kingdom by uniform cheerfulness, in spite of physical weakness, and constant sympathy for all in distress. In her very weakness there was strength, and in many directions she became an inspiration to those who were infinitely stronger than she in a physical sense.

The East Willamette Association will meet with the Clakamas church on May 14th to 15th. Mrs. Harriet S. Caswell-Broad will be at the meeting.

We come to the end of the last page of the last form of *The Pacific* this week with no room for "Church News." It will appear next week. The first form and the last four pages are printed first, and nineteen pages of reading matter cannot be crowded into sixteen pages of space.

Pasadena, Lake Avenue.—Last Sunday was a blessed day for the church. Seventeen were received into fellowship, twelve of whom were boys and girls of the Sunday-school. These additions make a total of 44 since January 1st. Twenty-nine of these were boys and girls under twenty, who united on confession of faith. Surely the Lord is blessing the prayers and efforts of the pastor, the teachers and the parents.

Pasadena, First.—There were eleven additions to the church on May 4th, seven of these being children from the Sunday-school, who united on confession. The Girls' Missionary Society has just closed a most successful year. Besides supporting a girl in India and a colored girl in the South, they have done faithful work in the study of missions and have shown remarkable interest in their work, a very large proportion of the membership having been present at each meeting. This happy result is due to the wise supervision of the pastor's wife, Mrs. Lathe.



## Our Boys and Girls.

### In Too Much Haste.

A blackbird met a squirrel one day;  
 "How do you do?" said she;  
 "But, indeed, I need not ask you that,  
 You're well, I plainly see;  
 For round as apples are your cheeks—  
 Yes, round as round can be.  
 But, pray, sir, have you lost your tongue?  
 Why don't you answer me?"  
 The squirrel smiled a crooked smile,  
 And then essayed to speak,  
 When, lo! out fell a lot of nuts  
 And grain from either cheek.  
 "Well, I declare," the blackbird cried,  
 As off she quickly flew,  
 "I will not stop a moment more  
 With such a fraud as you."  
 "Oh, oh!" the squirrel said, "if she  
 Had made a longer stay,  
 She'd learn that squirrels carry home  
 Their marketing that way.  
 A fraud, indeed!" And then he picked  
 Up all the nuts and grain,  
 And stuffed them in his cheeks until  
 They grew quite plump again.  
 —Margaret Eytinge, in New York Tribune.

### Pine Needles and Easter Lilies.

The Pine Needles were whispering. This would not have been an unusual thing for them to do out of doors, but they were in Sunday-school!

The Geraniums stood stiff and solemn at the sound, and even withdrew a little from their frivolous neighbors.

It was Easter Sunday. All the flowers always felt a thrill of pleasure when this day came, for they knew that King Winter and his band of frost fairies would soon be going back to Northland.

The Geraniums had been shut up in a glass house all winter; but the Pine Needles had not forgotten how beautiful the flowers had looked in a garden near them, the summer before, nor how they had longed to get down and play with them. And now here they were, snuggled close beside them in a beautiful vase—how could they help whispering?

I cannot tell you whose idea it had been to place these pine branches and geraniums together in a vase upon the desk of the Sunday-school; but they looked quaint and pretty, and many admiring glances wandered towards them.

The Easter Lilies noticed this from the beautiful pot in which they stood. They were so accustomed to admiration at Easter time that it astonished them to see such lowly flowers attracting attention; so when they heard the Pine Needles whispering, they began to bend their heads in stately disapproval.

As each lily bell nodded, a delicate fragrance floated over to the little bouquet upon the superintendent's desk. The giddy little Pine Needles instantly nodded back.

"Ah!" whispered one fair Lily to her neighbor, "those stiff creatures in the vase yonder should be taught that Easter is no time for them to put on airs. Nobody cares for Pine Needles or Geraniums when we are by. Perhaps when they see how fragrant we are, they will also see how useless it is for them to try to compete with us. Keep on nodding, sisters!"

It soon became evident to the Lilies that for once they were being neglected.

When at length the services were over, a little girl stepped up to the superintendent's desk, and modestly

asked for a sprig of pine to carry to her sick brother.

The superintendent gathered all the geraniums in his hand, and squeezed them up against the pine branches till every little needle head stood stiff, bracing itself for what was to come.

In vain the Lilies sent forth their perfume, in vain they spread their waxen petals. All eyes followed the figure of the child grasping in her hand the scarlet blossoms in their setting of fragrant green.

When the church door had closed behind her, the superintendent told the waiting congregation the touching story of a little crippled boy in a near-by street, who for two years had not seen a tree or a flower except through the eyes of the loving sister, who carried into his room every green thing that came within her reach, until the room had taken on almost the appearance of a woodland bower. Creeping vines and evergreens draped the walls and hung from the pictures. Ferns and mosses had been transplanted from their native soil and taught to twine and run at their own sweet will over shelves and tables. Even two small trees had taken root in odd wooden boxes in opposite corners of the chamber. Once Carl had told Dottie that he could shut his eyes and seem to hear the birds singing in them. One day, while he was sleeping, she took the canary's cage into the room, and set the little prisoner free, so that when her brother awoke he saw the bird in reality where he had so often imagined it to be.

And so it was to Carl's room, the superintendent told them, that the quaint little bouquet had gone. No wonder the Pine Needles had been all a-quiver with joy.

The Lilies heard this touching story as they hung their graceful heads in their neglected corner of the vestry, and, if they sighed, it was that they, too, might be chosen for a mission as blessed.

"But until we are," whispered a pale beauty, "we will give all the joy we can to those who are near us. Keep on nodding, sisters!"

Through the vestry there stole a delicate perfume; and into the hearts of all present crept the peace that Easter brings to all earnest, faithful souls.—Helen M. Richardson, in Zion's Herald.

### Depend on Yourself.

My girl or my boy, do you know how necessary it is to learn to depend on yourself? It is so easy to fall into the habit of depending on some one else who is quicker or brighter, or perhaps has more confidence in speaking out at the right time, or doing the right thing. This is especially so during your school lives.

I knew two little girls, Annie and Teresa, who always sat together at school. They prepared their lessons in the same way, and appeared to be making equal advancement. They seemed to be particularly bright, and were noticed on that account by all the teachers who had anything to do with them. They were promoted from class to class together, and always managed to sit side by side. One day it happened that they were separated, and then a discovery was made. Teresa continued to do well, but Annie did not show the same proficiency as before, and so it turned out that Teresa, out of mistaken kindness for her friend, had been helping her right along. And Annie had learned to depend on Teresa's assistance, and when she was separated from her scarcely knew how to go on with some of her class work. Do you see how wrong they both were: Teresa in giving the help, and Annie in accepting it? Then, too, they had made the more grievous mistake of deceiving the kind teachers who had trusted them.—S. Jennie Smith, in Christian Work.



## The Home.

### Naught in Vain.

We cannot sow in vain;  
No seed beside the way,  
But yet shall know the sun and rain  
And bud and bloom some day,  
And shining sheaf and garnered grain,  
Our tears and toil repay.

We cannot toil in vain.  
Though thorny-strewn the way,  
Though wide and wild the desert plain,  
And dark the dreary day,  
He knoweth every pulsing pain,  
Who heareth when we pray.

We do not pray in vain.  
Behind the gloom the ray;  
What seemeth loss is glorious gain;  
God will not say us nay.  
The glorious sun shall shine again  
Above the skies of gray.

We do not hope in vain.  
Though wandering we stray  
Through summer heat and winter rain,  
He turneth not away  
Till we, through Christ, those heights attain,  
Where dawns undying day.

—Joel Frank Hedgepeth, in *Pacific Methodist Advocate*.

### The Sultan's Happy Day.

The Sultan of Turkey has in his time had many serious difficulties to encounter, and many humiliating reverses to sustain. It is pleasing, therefore, to notice, says the "Interior," that he had a very bright day recently in his chequered existence. For five and twenty eventful years he has reigned over the Turkish Empire. He was the recipient of numerous honors and costly gifts. The German Emperor, who had been friendly to Abdul Hamid, sent him a very handsome present, as did also the Czar of Russia. Even the President of the French Republic did not forget the anniversary of the Sultan's ascension to the throne, and showed that he remembered it by forwarding an appropriate gift. Recent raids by Kurds in Armenia have received no countenance at Constantinople. It is said that the Sultan has called to account those officials under whose jurisdiction they were permitted to occur. A story has found its way into print that it is the intention of the Sultan to change the order of succession to the Turkish throne so that his favorite son many become its occupant. Prince Mohammed Burhannedin Effendi is a youth of fifteen, who has been carefully trained by European tutors, and is described as of great promise. It is hinted that when Emperor William of Germany visited Constantinople he took a fancy to the lad, and suggested to the Sultan he should make him the heir to the throne. According to later advices the festivities to the Turkish palace had not ended before the rejoicing was eclipsed by the discovery of a plot to murder the Sultan. The ringleaders of the conspiracy were arrested.—*Central Christian Advocate*.

### "That's What I'm Here For."

It was the uniformed young porter who said it, as he smiled pleasantly on the woman whose bundles he had started to carry for her. The station was full of travelers, hurrying to and from their trains, but the porter was not in the least hurried. He was quiet, ready, helpful; and he found a seat for the woman in the right car, and repeated, as she thanked him for his trouble,

"That's what I'm here for, madam, all day long; just to see that people get aboard all right." Then he went back to the gate, and promptly helped somebody else to another train. Cheery and pleasant, he carried babies, lifted heavy bags, reassured nervous people who were afraid the train would start without them, and made himself generally helpful, hour after hour.

"That's what I'm here for." The cheerful words carried an unconscious message. The porter's lot was not a very pleasant one. Perhaps he, too, longed to travel away from the hot city to the sea or the woods, yet all the year round he was shut within the crowded station, with its tracks and platforms. Few thanked him for helping them, and he could hardly have been blamed if he had been a trifle cross over his work. But he had no such thought; he was there to be helpful, and his heart was in his work.

The woman who had been helped to her seat by him thought it over as the train rolled away. She was one who had carried many burdens for other people, and had had few thanks. She seemed to herself to have spent her life in starting other people off where they wanted to go, and staying behind herself; and, lately, she had felt rebellious about it. But the young porter's words started a new line of thought. "That's what I'm here for," she said to herself, "and it isn't my business to complain or to question. If he can do his day's work in that hearty spirit, I guess I can, too," and she felt her heart lighter than for many a day. The porter did not know it, but he had preached a whole sermon in five words that afternoon.—*Michigan Christian Advocate*.

### The Boy and His Home.

The boy's standing, above all, in some homes, is deplorable. Much has been said about mother and daughter, but very little about mother and son.

Too often he is treated as only a something that comes home three times a day to eat his meals, and, after supper, with a change of collar and necktie, off he is to go, only to return home in time to retire.

Perhaps nothing is done at the home towards entertaining him; he is looked upon as a separate being, not as a member of the family. Little pains are taken to make it attractive for him within the boundaries of the home. How can he feel interested in the home and its belongings? He is very seldom consulted about the family transactions, the supposition being that he does not care. That is a great mistake. He will care if you show him how to care. Boys can think and feel the same as other people.

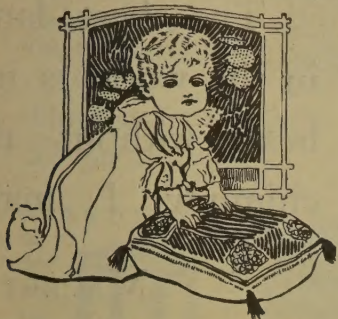
When a boy (no matter what his age may be) comes home, do everything to make it comfortable for him. Do not keep reminding him of coming into the house with his shoes dirty; overlook the dirt occasionally and pay more attention to the boy, and he will, in time, himself look after his shoes.

Take an interest in all his affairs, whether they be play, school, or work. Talk over with him the day's happenings, his experiences, the people he met with, what words were exchanged, and so on. All these little attentions help to hold him closer to the home. Ask his opinion on your new bonnet, or the new wall-paper; or even if it is an expensive painting you have bought. By so doing you bring out the best that is in him. Please the boy, and he will please you.

A teacher once asked a little boy, "How many boys does it take to make one good boy?" "One, sir, if you treat him well."

We should bear in mind that the boy of today may be the statesman of tomorrow.—Miriam E. Brozman, in the *American Mother*.





The fact that all women suffer during the birth-hour leads a great many women to accept a degree of suffering which is altogether unnecessary. Sometimes it is hours, sometimes days before the struggle is over. No medicine can absolutely eliminate pain from this time of travail, but Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can and does make the baby's advent practically painless. It acts upon the organs of maternity, giving them strength and elasticity. It produces physical comfort and mental cheerfulness. It is an effective tonic, giving the mother abundant nutrition for her child.

"I believe I owe my life to Dr. Pierce's remedies, and have long felt it my duty to acknowledge the benefit I received from Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Pleasant Pellets,'" says Mrs. Maria O. Hayzel, writing from Brookland, D. C. "Six years ago, after the birth of one of my children, I was left in a weak, run-down condition. My health seemed utterly gone. Life was a burden. I doctored with three different physicians and got no relief. I began to get worse, and to add to the complications, I suffered terribly from constipation. I chanced to see one of your advertisements and concluded to try the above remedies. I commenced to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Pleasant Pellets,' and began to improve right away, and continued improving and gaining in strength. I cannot express the relief, it was so great. Seven months later my little daughter was born without much trouble. I feel that I would never have been able to endure my confinement only for the help due solely to Dr. Pierce's medicines. She was a fine, healthy child, and the only one I have ever been able to nurse."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

The men who really know the most are most simple in speech and the most unaffected in manner. Such men never put on airs.

FIVE LITTLE MINUTES are all the time Perry Davis' Painkiller needs to stop a stomach-ache, even when it is sharp enough to make a strong man groan. Don't be fooled by imitations. 25c. and 50c.

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### One Dozen and One Facts Concerning Dancing, Card Playing and Theater Going.

L. W. MUNHALL.

It is a fact:—

That the three leading worldly amusements are card-playing, dancing and theater-going.

That the Bible demands that Christians shall be separated from the world. (See Matt. vi: 24; John xvii: 15, 16; 1 John ii: 15-17, etc.)

That not a single evangelical denomination approves of these amusements; and many of them have formally declared against them.

That unchristian people, when brought under conviction for sin, invariably believe that these amusements should be renounced.

That persons desiring to become Christians never want a dancing, card-playing, theater-going professor's assistance in learning how.

That the worldly minded members of any church contribute little or nothing to the spiritual forces and work of their church.

That any church sanctioning these amusements is spiritually inert.

That unchristian people have little or no respect for the professions of church members who indulge in these amusements.

That the persons most difficult to win to Jesus Christ are the children of church members who approve of these pastimes.

That indulgence in these amusements has led multitudes to disgrace and ruin.

That no one in the dying hour wants one who loves these things to pray for them or speak to them of the life to come.

That church members given to these pastimes have little knowledge of the Bible and are seldom found in their church prayer meetings.

That if you are a Christian and indulge yourself at all in these worldly pleasures and, for the honor and glory of our glorious Savior and Lord, will at once and forever renounce them, you will have his sweet approval, the approval of your own conscience, and such joy as the world can not give (Matt. xix: 29).

"Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

An early friend of Dr. John G. Holland's father said, when dying, "Over cards I have murdered time and lost my soul."

### Tenth International Sunday-school Convention.

DENVER, COL., JUNE 26-30, 1902.

Entertainment is provided at Denver only for regularly appointed delegates from the various States, Provinces and Territories, and upon what is known as the "Harvard Plan," namely: Lodging and breakfast only (however, supper is included for those who arrive in the afternoon of Thursday, June 26th.)

Mr. W. M. Danner, Y. M. C. A. Building, Denver, is Chairman of the Entertainment Committee. He will pay no attention to any applications for entertainment that do not come to him through the proper officers of the various State, Provincial and Territorial Associations. All applications for entertainment must be in his hands by June 20th.

In cases where States, Provinces and Territories are not organized, or where

applicants do not know the proper person to apply to, please address the General Secretary, Mr. Marion Lawrance, Toledo, Ohio.—Ex.

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**The "Jolly Cure."**

There was a whole lot of "horse sense" in the speech on the remedial quality of mirth and laughter compared to that of pharmaceutical preparations by the Rev. Frank Crane at the annual banquet of the National Wholesale Druggists. Standing between two illuminated plaster skulls he declared that disease would become a rarity if those whose minds are filled with fear of it would indulge more in mirth. His subject was "The Mirth Cure." His address was epigrammatic in nature. Some of his epigrams were:

Man is the only animal that was made to laugh, and science teaches that laughter promotes health. It is a sin for us to substitute excessive drug taking for laughter.

Laughter increases the blood circulation.

It enlarges the heart.  
It expands the lungs.  
It jiggers the diaphragm.

It promotes the dioculation of the spleen.

I once knew a man who laughed so much that when he died they had to cut his liver out and kill it with a club.

Never trust a man who laughs from his neck up—an honest man laughs from his diaphragm.

Beware of the theologians who have no sense of mirth—they are not altogether human.

Keep your chin up.

Don't take your troubles to bed with you—hang them on a chair with your trousers, or drop them in a glass of water with your teeth.

"I have gone into the mirth cure business in all sincerity," continued Dr. Crane. "I believe my theory is an honest one. Chicago is the home of queer cures. We have from Almighty God to mud—from the teachings of the Bible through Christian Science to Dr. Dowie and to mud. Yes, we have an institution on Wabash

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best, without the  
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Quarts, per gross.....7.57  
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Ladies' Parlor.

All Market Street Cars run within one block of the House. Ellis Street Cars pass the doors.

avenue where they swat mud on their patients. I simply want to swat mirth on mine. In all respect to our pharmaceutical profession, I recommend to all humanity my mirth cure—best cure on earth, to be shaken before taken, and will keep in all climates."

### Bits of Humor.

"Why did you place such a tough fowl before me?" asked the indignant lady in a downtown restaurant.

"Age before beauty, always, you know, madam," was the gallant reply. And then, womanlike, she smiled and paid her bill without a murmur.—Ram's Horn.

Mother of Nine children (looking into the stocking basket): "Well, Bridget, for one thing I am sure; we shan't have to darn stockings after ten o'clock at night in the next world."

Bridget (sympathetically): Shure, an' that's thrue for you, ma'am, for all the pictures av angels that ever I saw was bare-futtet."—Christian Guardian.

GRUMBLING and COMPLAINING will not take out the pain of an insect's sting, but Perry Davis' Painkiller will do so every time. Apply it with your finger to the sore spot. Price, 25c. and 50c.

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